CLARA BARTON TELLS HER OWN STORY OF RED CROSS TRIUMPHS

From Modest Beginning, With Small Funds, It Is Now One of the World's Great Agencies of Good.

Has Seen Service on the Soil of Many States and in Foreign Lands, Where Suffering Reigned.

IN "A Story of the Red Cross," Miss Clara Barton, its founder, and for many years its president, has written an intimate narrative of the good the society has done, the difficulties it has surmounted, and the suffering and want it has relieved in the past score of years. Written without effort at display, it is a simple and charming literary effort. The publishers, D. Appleton & Co., have produced the book in attractive form.

Miss Barton says in the foreword to her story that she has written it to tell just what the Red Cross has done, without special regard to motive or inspiration or detailed plan. It is the manner in which she has carried out this purpose that gives the book its charm.

During the twenty years and more in which the society has held out a helping hand to the distressed on earth, Miss Barton has come in contact with many great men, the monarchs and rulers of many countries. Her stories of them reveal these men's gentler attributes. Here are some of them, stories of the great and of the weak and humble:

Mites of Children Rescued Family

We left at one point on the Ohio River a well-lettered cross-board, "Little Six Red Cross Landing"—probably there to this day. The story of "The Little Six" might be given in their own little letter:

WATERFORD, Pa., March 24, 1884.
Dear Miss Barton:

We read your nice letter in the "Dispatch" and we would like very much to see that house called "The Little Six," and we little six are so glad that we helped six other little children, and we thank you for going to so much trouble in putting our money just where we would have to put it ourselves. Some time again when you want money to help you in your good work call on "The Little Six."

JOE FARRAR, 12 years old.
FLORENCE HOWE, 11 years old.
MARY BARTON, 11 years old.
REED WHITE, 11 years old.
BERTIE AINSWORTH, 10 years old.
LOYD BARTON, 7 years old.

These children had given a public entertainment for the benefit of the flood sufferers. They themselves suggested it, planned and carried it out, and raised $51.21, which they sent to the editor of the "Erie Dispatch," asking him to send it "where it would do the most good." The "Dispatch" forwarded it to the president of the Red Cross, with an account of the entertainment given by "The Little Six."

The entire matter was too beautiful, and withal unique, to meet only a common fate in its results. I could not, for a moment, think to mingle the gift of the little dramatists with the common fund for general distribution, and sought through all these weeks for a fitting disposition to make of it, where it would all go in some special manner to relieve some special necessity. I wanted it to benefit some children who had "wept on the banks" of the river, which in its madness had devoured their home.

Victims of the Flood.

As we neared that picturesque spot on the Illinois side of the Ohio, known as "Cave-in Rock," we were hailed by a woman and her young daughter. The boat "rounded to" and made the landing and they came on board— a tall, thin, worn woman in tattered clothes, and a good but inexpressibly sad face, who wished to tell us that a package which we had left for her at the town on our way down had never reached her. She was a widow—Mrs. Plew—whose husband, a good river pilot, had died from overwork on a hard trip to New Orleans in the floods of the Mississippi two years before, leaving her with six children dependent upon her, the eldest a lad in his "teens," the youngest a little baby girl. They owned their home, just on the brink of the river, a little "farm" of two or three acres, two horses, three cows, thirty hogs, and a half hundred fowls, and in spite of the bereavement, they had gone on bravely, winning the esteem and commendation of all who knew them for thrift and honest endeavor. Last year the floods came heavily upon them, driving them from their home, and the two horses were lost. Next the cholera came among the hogs, and all but three died. Still they worked on and held the home. This spring came the third flood. The water climbed up the bank, crept in at the door, and filled the lower story of the house. They had nowhere to remove their household goods, and stored them in the garret carefully packed, and went out to find a shelter in an old log house near by, used for a corn crib. Day by day they watched the house, hailed passing boats for news of the rise and fall of the water above, always trusting the house would stand—"and it would," the mother said, "for it was a good, strong house, but for the storm." The winds came, and the terrible gale that swept the valley like a tornado, with the water at its height, leveling whole towns, descended and beat upon that house, and it fell. In the morning there was no house there, and the waves in their fury rushed madly on. Then these little children "stood and wept on the banks of the river," and the desolation and fear in the careful mother's heart none but herself and her God can know.

Living in Corn Crib.

They lived on in the corn crib, and it was from it they came to hail us as we passed today. Something had been told us of them on our downward trip, and a package had been left them at "Cave-in Rock," which they had not received. We went over shoe-tops in mud to their rude home, to find it one room of logs, an old stone chimney, with a cheerful fire of driftwood and a clean hearth, two wrecks of beds, a table, and two chairs which some kind neighbor had loaned.

Our thoughtful field agent, Dr. Hubbell, was the first to speak.

"Here are six children," he said with an inquiring glance at me.

No response was needed. The thing was done. We told the mother the story of "The Little Six," of Waterford, and asked her if that money with enough more to make up $100 would help her to get up her house? It was her turn to be speechless. At length with a struggling, choking voice she managed to say: "God knows how much it would be to me. Yes, with my good boys I can do it, and do it well."

We put in her hands a check for this sum, and directed from the boat clean boxes of clothing and bedding, to help restore the household, when the house should have been completed.

Before we left her we asked if she would name her house when it should be done? She thought a second, and caught the idea.

"Yes," she replied quickly, with a really winsome smile on that worn and weary face, "yes, I shall name it 'The Little Six.' "

Man of the Hour In Far-Off Turkey

During the Red Cross expedition to mitigate the horrors of the Armenian in 1894, Miss Barton met at Constantinople one of Turkey's notable men. She describes her interview thus:

The first step was to procure an introduction to the Turkish government, which had in one sense refused to see me. Accompanied by the American minister, Hon. A. W. Terrell, and his premier interpreter, Gargiulo, one of the most experienced diplomatic officers in Constantinople, I called by appointment on Tewfik Pasha, the Turkish minister of foreign affairs, or minister of state. To those conversant with the personages connected with Turkish affairs, I need not say that Tewfik Pasha is probably the foremost man of the government—a manly man, with a kind, fine face, and genial, polished manners. Educated abroad, with advanced views on general subjects, he impresses one as a man who would sanction no wrong it was in his power to avert.

Mr. Terrell's introduction was most appropriate and well expressed, bearing with strong emphasis upon the suffering condition of the people of the interior, in consequence of the massacres, the great sympathy of the people of America, and giving assurance that our objects were purely humanitarian, having neither political, racial, nor religious significance.

The Pasha listened most attentively to Mr. Terrell, thanked him, and said that this was well understood, that they knew the Red Cross and its president. Turning to me he repeated: "We know you, Miss Barton; have long known you and your work. We would like to hear your plans for relief and what you desire."

Pasha Was Enthused.

I proceeded to state our plans for relief, which, if not carried out at this time, the suffering in Armenia, unless we had been misinformed, would shock the entire civilized world. None of us knew from personal observation as yet the full need of assistance, but had reason to believe it very great. If my agents were permitted to go such need as they found they would be prompt to relieve. On the other hand, if they did not find the need existing there, none would leave the field so gladly as they. There would be no respecting of persons—humanity alone would be their guide. "We have," I added, "brought only ourselves; no correspondent has accompanied us, and we shall have none, and shall not go home to write a book on Turkey. We are not here for that. Nothing shall be done in any concealed manner. All dispatches which we send will go openly through your own telegraph, and I should be glad if all that we shall write could be seen by your government. I cannot, of course, say what its character will be, but can vouch for its truth, fairness and integrity, and for the conduct of every leading man who shall be sent. I shall never counsel or permit a sly or underhand action with your government, and you will pardon me, Pasha, if I say I shall expect the same treatment in return—such as I give I shall expect to receive."

Almost without a breath he replied: "And you shall have it. We honor your position and your wishes shall be respected. Such aid and protection as we are able, we shall render."

I then asked if it were necessary for me to see other officials. "No," he replied, "I speak for my government," and with cordial good wishes our interview closed.

I never spoke personally with this gentleman again, all further business being officially transacted through the officers of our legation. Yet I can truly say, as I have said of my first meeting with our matchless band of missionary workers, that here commenced an acquaintance which proved invaluable, and here were given pledges of mutual faith, of which not a word was ever broken on either side.

MISS CLARA BARTON.

With Whose Name the Work of the Red Cross of America Will Always Be Associated. A Woman Who Has Achieved Much.

The Turkish government, when once it came to understand American methods and enthusiasm, was forgiving and kind to us. No obstruction was ever placed in our way.

Suffered Much, Complained Little

Of the hospital work at Siboney the description is written by Miss Janet Jennings, a volunteer nurse in the Red Cross party. One story she tells is of bravery and suffering. It is this:

"The strain had been the greater because there were no facilities for anything like a regular meal short of the ship, reached by a long, hard tramp in the sand, then a row over the tossing waves. But nobody thought of meals. The one thing was to feed and nurse the 500 wounded and sick men. Human endurance, however, has its limit, and unless the Sisters could get a little rest they would give out. I went on duty for twenty-four hours, at night, with the assistance of one man, taking care of forty patients, fever, measles, and dysentery cases, and half a dozen badly wounded men. Among the latter was Captain Mills, of the First Cavalry, and William Clark, a colored private in the Twenty-fifth Infantry, regulars. They were brought over from the hospital tents and placed on cots on the little porch, where there was just room to pass between the cots.

"Their wounds were very similar—in the head—and of such a character as to require cool applications to the eyes constantly. Ice was scarce and worth its weight in gold, for the lives of these men as well as others depended chiefly on cool applications to the eyes, with as uniform temperature as possible. We had one small piece of ice, carefully wrapped in a blanket. There never was a small piece of ice that went so far. If I were to tell the truth about it nobody would believe me.

"Never in my whole life, I think, have I wished for anything so much as I wished for plenty of ice that night. It was applied by chipping in small bits, laid in thin, dry cotton cloth, folded over in just the right size and flat, to place across the eyes and forehead, enough of it to be cold, but not heavy, on the wounds.

Wild Craving for Ice.

"The ears of the sick are strangely acute. Whenever the sick men heard the sound of chipping ice they begged for ice water; even the smallest bit of ice in a cup of water was begged with an eagerness that was pitiful. I felt conscience-smitten. But it was a question of saving the eyes of the wounded men, and there was no other way. To make the ice last till morning I stealthily chipped it off so the sick men would not hear the sound.

"At midnight a surgeon came over from his tent ward with a little piece of ice not larger than his hand. I do not know his name, but it does not matter, it is inscribed above. 'This is all we can spare,' he said. 'Take it. You must keep those wounds cool at all hazards. I have another case very like these—a man wounded in the head. I want to bring him over here, where he will be sure of exactly the same nursing. His life depends on the care he gets in the next twenty-four hours. Have you a vacant cot?'

"There was not a vacant cot, but we could make room for one on the porch if he could find the cot. He thought he could, and went back, taking the precious piece of ice that he really needed more than we did. In the course of a half hour the surgeon returned to say it was impossible to get a cot anywhere, and the wounded man must be left where he was in the tent, at least until morning.

"And so it went on through the long night—the patient suffering of the sick men, the heroism of the wounded, all fearing to give any trouble, desiring not to do so, and grateful for the smallest attention.

Two Brave Sufferers.

"The courage that faces death on the battlefield or calmly awaits it in the hospital is not a courage of race or color. Two of the bravest men I ever saw were here, almost side by side on the little porch—Captain Mills and Private Clark—one white, the other black. They were wounded almost at the same time, and in the same way. The patient suffering and heroism of the black soldier was fully equal to that of the Anglo-Saxon. It was quite the same, the gentleness and appreciation. They were a study, these men so widely apart in life, but here strangely close and alike on the common ground of duty and sacrifice. They received precisely the same care; each fed like a child, for with their bandaged eyes they were as helpless as blind men. When the ice-pads were renewed on Captain Mills' eyes the same change was made on Private Clark's eyes. There was no difference in their beds or food. Neither uttered a word of complaint. The nearest to a regret expressed by Captain Mills was a heavy sigh, followed by the words: 'Oh, we were not ready. Our army was not prepared.'

"Of himself he talked cheerfully, strong, and hopeful. 'I think I shall go home with the sight of one eye,' he said. That was all.

"In the early part of the night he was restless, his brain was active, cool, and brave as he might be. The moonlight was very bright, a flood of silver, seen only in the tropics. Hoping to divert him I said: 'The moonlight is too bright, captain, I will put up a paper screen so you can go to sleep.'

"He realized at once the absurdity and the ludicrous side, and with an amused smile replied: 'But you know I can't see the moonlight.'

"I said it was time to get more ice for his head and half stumbled across the porch, blinded by tears. When told who his nearest neighbor was, Captain Mills expressed a great sympathy for Private Clark and paid a high tribute to the bravery of the colored troops and their faithful performance of duty.

"Private Clark talked but little. He would lie apparently asleep until the pain in his head would become unbearable. Then he would try to sit up, always careful to keep the ice pad on his eyes over the bandage.

"'What can I do for you, Clark?' I would ask, anxious to relieve his pain.

"'Nothing, thank you,' he would answer. 'It's nice and comfortable here. But it's only the misery in my head—the misery is awful.' "

Later on, as will be remembered, Miss Jennings went North—a volunteer nurse on the transport Seneca. The brave men whose lives hung in the balance that night—with little hope that, if life were spared, they would ever see again—recovered, but each with the loss of an eye. After a long furlough Private Clark returned to his regiment. Captain Mills, now General Mills, is the superintendent of the West Point Military Academy.

Thousands Have Felt Its Tender and Comforting Influence and Been the Recipients of Its Aid.

Little Tales of Men and Women Who Have Been Helped and of Children Rescued From Hunger.

President Was Ready for Work

Here is a story from the chapter on Miss Barton's experiences in Cuba:

More supplies arrived, and this time came large tarpaulins, more utensils, more food, and more things to make it a little comfortable. We removed our first kitchens across the road, up alongside the headquarters tent of Major Wood, in charge of the camp. Words cannot do justice to his kind-hearted generosity. He strove in every way to do all that could be done, and the night before had given us a small tent in which we had huddled from the pouring rain, for a couple of hours, in the middle of the night, the water rushing through like a rivulet.

The tarpaulins were put over supplies, a new fireplace made near us—magnificent in its dimensions—shelter given for boxes and barrels that by this time had accumulated about us, and there was even something that looked like a table, on which Mrs. Gardner prepared her delicacies.

Early in the day there came to our improvised headquarters an officer in khaki uniform showing hard service, and a bandanna handkerchief hanging from his hat, to protect the back of his head and neck from the fierce rays of the sun.

It was Colonel Roosevelt, and we were very glad to meet the gallant leader of the "Rough Riders." After a few moments' conversation he said:

Teddy Wanted Foods.

"I have some sick men with the regiment who refuse to leave it. They need such delicacies as you have here, which I am ready to pay for out of my own pocket. Can I buy them from the Red Cross?"

"Not for a million dollars," Dr. Gardner replied.

"But my men need these things," he said, his tone and face expressing anxiety. "I think a great deal of my men. I am proud of them."

"And we know they are proud of you, colonel. But we can't sell Red Cross supplies," answered Dr. Gardner.

"Then, how can I get them? I must have proper food for my sick men," he said.

"Just ask for them, Colonel," replied Dr. Gardner.

"Oh," he said, his face suddenly lighting up with a bright smile; "then I do ask for them."

"All right, colonel; what is your list?"

The list included malted milk, condensed milk, oatmeal, cornmeal, canned fruits, dried fruits, rice, tea, chocolate, and even prepared beefsteak and vegetables, and other things good for men who could not eat army rations.

"Now, colonel, when will you send for these supplies?" asked Dr. Gardner. "They will be ready any time."

"Lend me a sack and I'll take them right along," he answered with characteristic decision.

Mrs. Gardner at once looked up a sack, and when filled it must have held a good many pounds of supplies. Before we had recovered from our surprise, the incident was closed by the future President of the United States slinging the big sack over his shoulders, striding off, and out of sight through the jungle.

Sampson-Schley Feud a Big Pity

Of one expe[illegible] officers of the [illegible] s Barton writes:

Daybreak bro[illegible] l. The silence wa[illegible] A hundred and twenty stevedores lined up on the wharf for work and breakfast. The dock had tracks, and trucks running to its open warehouses. Boxes, barrels and bales, pitched out of that ship, thrown on to the trucks and wheeled away, told of the better days to come. It was something to see the lank, brawny little army of stevedores take their first breakfast in line, alongside of the ship.

Later in the day the flagship brought Admiral Sampson and Admiral Schley, who spent several hours with us. They had every opportunity to see how our work was done, and if we were equal to unloading our ship. When they were about to leave Admiral Sampson was asked what orders or directions he had for us. He replied: "You need no directions from me, but if anyone troubles you let me know."

The amiable pleasantries of these two gallant officers during that visit are a pleasure to recall. As I was, at an opportune moment, attempting to express my appreciation and thanks to Admiral Sampson for the courtesy of allowing us to precede him into Santiago, Admiral Schley, with that naivete and apt turn of expression so characteristic of him, in a half undertone side remark, cautioned me with "Don't give him too much credit, Miss Barton; he was not quite sure how clear the channel might be. Remember that was a trial trip."

How sadly the recollection of that pleasant, memorable day has since recurred to me; brave, gallant brothers in arms, and in heart; knowing only a soldier's duty; each holding his country's honor first, his own last; its glory his glory, and for himself seeking nothing more. Ah, people, press and politics! How deal ye with your servants?

American Satire, With Ourselves as the Targets, As Presented by a Prominent English Publication

IF AMERICANS delight in exercising their wit at the expense of foreigners, they are none the less ready to amuse themselves by satirizing one another's peculiarities, says "Chambers' Journal," of London. Especially do they derive entertainment by poking fun at the alleged characteristics of rival cities.

As the English and German stand for distinct types in the American press, so do the Bostonian and the Philadelphian.

The claim of Boston to be the literay and intellectual center of the United States furnishes the scribes of all the rest of the country with opportunities of sarcasm.

A Learned Citizen.

The Bostonian is represented as prone even from earliest days to the use of learned language on all occasions. Here is the Boston child:

"Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Eating baked beans and brown bread.
There came a great spider
And sat down beside her;
'What a fine argiope!' she said."

It is a Boston clergyman who is reported to have declared that Lot's wife was transformed into a monolith of chloride of sodium.

Not long ago, in a discussion whether "expectorate" or "spit" should be used in the health notices in the New York street cars, it was mentioned that Theodore Roosevelt, when police commissioner, had preferred the simpler word. Thereupon a Chicago paper promptly expressed its regret, as this revelation would assuredly lose for him the Boston vote.

The following cuttings from the outside press further illustrate this conception of the scholarly atmosphere of Boston:

"'Here,' cried an irate passenger, 'you've took us past Tremont Street!'

"'Pardon me,' replied the Boston street car conductor, 'you mean "taken," not "took." Now, then, sir, move with more expedition, please.' "

"The prisoner, a faded, battered specimen of mankind, on whose haggard face, deeply lined with the marks of dissipation, there still lingered faint reminders of better days long past, stood dejectedly before the judge.

"'Where are you from?' 'From Boston.' 'Indeed!' said the judge; 'indeed, yours is a sad fall. And yet you don't seem to thoroughly realize how low you have sunk.' The man started as if struck. 'Your honor does me an injustice,' he said bitterly.

"'The disgrace of arrest for drunkenness, the mortification of being thrown into a noisome dungeon, the publicity and humiliation of trial in a crowded and dingy courtroom I can bear, but to be sentenced by a police magistrate who splits his infinitive—that is, indeed, the last blow.' "

In Line With Traditions.

Such literary sensitiveness is, of course, quite in keeping with the traditions of a city where, it is rumored, even the beans take a course of Browning.

But it is not in language and literature alone that the pre-eminence of Boston is unquestioned. "I am agent, sir," says the traveler, "for the 'Great American Universal Encyclopedia of History, Biography, Art, Science, and Literature' "—"Don't need it," replies the business man; "I married a Boston girl."

But Boston is sometimes able to retaliate upon her more aggressive juniors. A Bostonian, so it is related, was riding with a Chicago lady on the elevated railway in the latter city.

"It is an enormous city, is it not?" she remarked, with a proud sigh. "Enormous?" repeated the Bostonian. "The enormity of it is not to be estimated." Another remark hits effectively at the ambitions of the nouveau riche: "The European economist," comments a Boston paper, "who expects to teach Chicago to like horse meat has a difficult task. Chicago wants the most expensive or nothing."

A Professor's Daughter.

More pungent still is the application of a story told of the daughter of a professor at Cornell University, who was about to move Westward. The night before they left the little girl added these words to her usual prayer: "Good-by, God; we're going to Chicago."

Philadelphia has somehow acquired the reputation—quite unwarranted, so far as a visitor may judge—of being the slowest city in America. Consequently the Philadelphian has to endure many gibes at the lack of up-to-dateness of his native place.

One would like to know what Benjamin Franklin, certainly a man of vigor and enterprise, would have thought of such jests as the following at the city whose fame was so closely associated with his own. "Yes, poor fellow, he was once very prosperous, but he failed in business." "How so?" "Tried to establish a 'quick lunch' restaurant in Philadelphia."

Again: "I understand that it was pretty slow at Mrs. De Styles' party?" "Slow! Why it was as slow as playing chess on a freight train going through Philadelphia on a Sunday."

A well-known magnate of Wall Street, New York, is reported to have been asked by a citizen of Philadelphia why he did not run over to that city oftener. "Afraid to," was the reply.

[illegible]ed the Philadelphian. "You [illegible] poking fun at our [illegible]

A Ten Million Brood.

Regarding mosquito broods and the number of specimens that develop within a limited area, few persons recognize the fact that breeding is intensive rather than extensive.

It is not that there is a scattering of wrigglers over a large area. There is, on the contrary, a concentration of specimens within a limited space.

The best illustration of that was seen last year in one of the New Jersey resorts, where a small pond, with an area of 1,894 square feet, produced in one brood over ten million, six hundred thousand specimens. This will seem almost incredible to those who have never seen a really well-populated mosquito-pool; but the estimate was carefully made after hours of work, in which every part of the pond was sampled and the larvae in each sample were counted.

There were two similar ponds close by, and the combined output was quite sufficient to give the place a full supply. If one million mosquitoes are distributed among one thousand porches, each will get one thousand examples; and I need not emphasize the fact that even one hundred healthy specimens will drive a dozen people indoors when they—the mosquitoes—are really hungry.—Prof. John B. Smith, in Booklovers' Magazine.

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[illegible]s no robbery." [illegible]la means, "I [illegible]est." To lend [illegible] "I am a fool." [illegible] means—well neve[illegible]s; nobody ever does [illegible]n- brella just high [illegible]it ta men's eyes and [illegible]n signifies, "I am a [illegible]. umbrella on your [illegible] do take it; I h[illegible]u would than not." [illegible]ng. To carry it from home in the morning means, "The rain will clear off."—New York Times.